Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome doe, and ſome doe not, but Miſtreſſe if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changd yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the towne: report what a ſojourner we haue, youle looſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framde this peece, ſhee meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpoſe.

Baud. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

Cle.